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NO QUARTER
IN THE
WORLD'S CAREER

Equalled the One Just Passed.

Number of WORLDS Printed During the First Three Months of This Year:

29,045,255.

A Gain Over the First Quarter of 1898 of

OVER THREE MILLION COPIES.

Average Per Day for the First Quarter of This Year:

322,725 Copies.

The Average Per Day During the First Three Months of 1898 Was

285,796 Copies.

An Increase in Circulation of

36,929 Copies Daily

In One Year.

The World Guarantees

That its Average DAILY CIRCULATION EXCEEDS that of any two other American newspapers combined, and will refund all money paid for advertising, if, upon proper test, the above statements are not verified.

THE COMING OF WASHINGTON.

That was a unique conception of THE WORLD in organizing a Centennial Commission to traverse the route travelled by Washington from his home to this city to be inaugurated as the first President of the United States, and by the same means of transportation—the coach.

Beside the interesting historical reminiscences with which the Commission is favoring THE WORLD'S readers, this stage coach journey is very suggestive of the changes wrought in a hundred years in modes of travel and habits of thought, as well as the marvellous growth of our country.

It took Washington much longer to cover a distance of a few hundred miles than it did his successor in office, President HARRISON, to come from his home in far Indiana, an undiscovered country of WASHINGTON'S time.

We have exchanged the uncomfortable stage coach for the sumptuously furnished parlor car, annihilated distance, outgrown the swaddling-clothes of infancy, improved in a thousand ways the methods in vogue among the men of a century ago.

But we have not improved upon the sturdy patriotism, and lofty statesmanship of those days. We have not improved upon the character of WASHINGTON.

THE MERCHANTS' APPEAL.

The manifesto of the merchants of this city on the subject of extending the time limit and reducing the price of the tickets for the Centennial visitors by the railways is one that should command the serious attention of the railway managers.

The merchants show conclusively that no city in which great demonstrations have recently been held has been treated so unfairly as it is proposed to treat New York in the matter of privileges to its visitors on the occasion of the Washington Centennial.

The merchants very properly ask, Why should New York be discriminated against? As matters stand the New York merchants consider that they are likely to suffer rather than profit by the Centennial.

They urge that there is no good reason why the time limit on railroads should not be extended to twenty days upon such a great occasion, when people will come here from the remotest sections of the country. It would be sound policy for the railroads themselves to popularize the excursions in the matter of rates and time limits.

The merchants of this city contribute too largely to this prosperity of the railroads for the latter to refuse them a reasonable opportunity to share in the legitimate profits of the Centennial.

IN TOLERABLE SAFE HANDS.

The fate of the Polo Grounds now rests in the hands of Gov. HILL.

He will find popular sentiment practically unanimous in favor of the measure and private interests about evenly divided in the matter.

Under these circumstances it is to be hoped that he will see his way clear to a prompt approval of the bill. The fact that he is an enthusiastic admirer of the National game should not be permitted to prejudice him against this measure in his interests.

NOW FOR OUR CUP DEFENDER

YACHTSMEN ASKING IF IT WILL BE THE VOLUNTEER.

Why Cannot Yale Row Cambridge?—Jack McAuliffe in Great Demand—Buses Waste to Fight Folly—A Word About Hurling Reporters from Prize-Fights—Jack Dempsey's Departure.

Yachtmen's nerves are in a state of tension regarding the coming decision of the New York Yacht Club, relative to the craft that is to defend the American flag against the Valkyrie. As the day on which this momentous question is to be decided draws near, the query, "Will it be the Volunteer?" is heard on all sides. The majority of the best-possessed yachtsmen are of the opinion that the peerless vanquisher of the Thistle will be chosen to again don the New York Yacht Club's colors, and sail forth as America's champion. These well-informed gentlemen declare the Volunteer will be chosen, but that if some enterprising patriot is willing to go to the expense and trouble of building a 70-footer to meet the Britisher, his claims to enter his vessel will receive due recognition and consideration. The far greater size of the Volunteer would enable her to beat to windward much faster than a craft the size of the Valkyrie. Would it not reflect greater credit on American yachting if they were willing to waive certainty of victory and trust their fortunes to a vessel of like size to the challenger? And how much greater the honor would be won by a victory won by an acknowledged inferior defender.

The present Yale crew is, without doubt, the best that athletic university has ever put on the water. It seems a pity to lose the opportunity of having it compete with the champion Cambridge crew which showed its heels to Oxford in a determined manner, and a grand thing it would be to have Yale defeat Cambridge! She would never have a better chance to do so than she has got now. Cannot that race be rowed?

Everybody seems to want to make a match with Jack McAuliffe. By fighting Jack a novice can spring into immediate prominence, even though he gets lamed out of his boots. Jack will fight any of them for or for money. The prize he can get is \$10,000. The California club, and undoubtedly these sport-loving Westerners will bring about a match between Jack and the best of his army of challengers, and there are some good ones among them, too.

Billy Dacey, by the way, has written to the California Club that he would like to meet Jack before their club for a good purse. Dacey and Mac have tried conclusions before, and an opportunity would be afforded to see how much both men have improved since their last meeting.

Dacey says he is perfectly willing to fight Jack Hyland, Hine, Keckman, Faddy Smith or any of his other numerous challengers at ten days' notice. All they have to do is to meet him at the "Bucktail News" office, and arrange the match. He prefers Faddy Smith to any of the others, though he says all light-weights are welcome.

Dave Leary was to have met Jack Delaney at an uptown resort last night to arrange for a final fight, but though Delaney was promptly on hand, Leary and his party were suddenly "jeery" for they failed to materialize.

There is a probability of another meeting between Jimmy Delaney, of New London, and McEllan, of Waterbury, for the light-weight championship of the Nutmeg State.

The indefatigable Columbia College crew was about the only eight-oared aggregation on the Harlem to take advantage of the magnificent weather of yesterday for practice.

The "Café Loggeling" Bowling Club Tournament" starts off to-night with a contest between the Independents and Germania Quartet.

At the making of the match between Frank Donovan and Charlie Moran, one of the principals wanted all newspaper representatives barred out. Finally his backers suggested that they should be let in, and the match was made. This was indeed a very generous concession on the fighters' part, considering that they owe everything to the newspaper men. The chief aim of fighters is notoriety, and the greater the notoriety the greater will be the fighters' money-getting ability. If the newspaper men wanted to take a mean revenge, they could relegate the



"Here is my favorite Spring Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla."
"I want some, too, Mamma. It does me good."
"Yes dear, we will take it, for Hood's Sarsaparilla makes us healthy and strong."

That Tired Feeling

Is experienced by nearly every one at this season, and it should be driven off, or in the weak condition of the body serious disease may gain a foothold. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed. It purifies, vitalizes and cures the blood, makes the head clear, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling, tones the nerves and imparts new vigor to the whole body.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla and find it the best medicine for the blood I ever tried. Large quantities of it are sold in this vicinity. As a blood medicine and spring tonic it stands ahead of all others." H. N. PHILLIPS, Editor Sentinel-Advertiser, Hope Valley, N. I.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the ideal spring medicine. It rouses the kidneys and liver, tones the digestive organs, creates an appetite, purifies and vitalizes the impure and sluggish blood, cures the headache and overcomes all the prostrating effects of that tired feeling. Mr. G. W. Sloan, of Milton, Mass., writes: "For five years I was sick every spring, but last year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have not seen a sick day since."

Blood Poison

"For years at irregular intervals in all seasons I suffered the intolerable burning and itching of blood poisoning by it. It would break out on my legs, in my throat and eyes. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier, with no thought of it as a special remedy for my poisoning, but it has effected a permanent and thorough cure." CALVIN T. SMITH, Westworth, N. H. N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR

FULL MANY A WITTY JEST.

OUR FUNNY CORNER TO WHICH ALL HUMORISTS CONTRIBUTE.

Something of a Quene.
(From Tense Springs.)

A Chinaman takes the quene in practical utility.
(From the Age of Man.)

Some of the Quene of Man.
(From the Age of Man.)

Old Homeboy—There, there, my love, we shall not quarrel. You and Nellie go ahead to the opera and excuse me to-night; I am such a foolish old homeboy, but somehow I cannot enjoy anything half so much of late years as stopping quietly right in the house nights. I dare say it is the lean and slippered pantaloon creeping over me. I shall wait up for you, however.

Old Homeboy (once more, but an hour later)—Ho-ho! boys, so glad you came so promptly. Did you fetch the bones, Jerry? Good, lad! Just stop the trace off that round table and drag up the chairs. Why I actually feel like a schoolboy. Divide up those chips and select a banker, will you? I say to the celer to look for labelled cobwebs.

Quick to See the Point.
(From the Pleasant Blunder.)

Marjorie (to the new butler)—But, Peter, you must not serve without gloves.
Peter—Pardon me, Miss Marjorie. I saw the other gentlemen taking off their gloves for luncheon and so I took mine off.

"Sunset at the Inn."
(From the Epoch.)

She—What is the title of your picture, Mr. Attila?
Artist—"Sunset at the Inn." Don't you think it appropriate?
She—Yes, only I don't see Mr. Cox's face anywhere.

Lent in the White House.
(From Tense Springs.)

President Harrison is said to be very much disgusted with his son Russell for talking out of school. The President remarked the other day to Lige:

"Do you think Russ will keep Lent this year?"

Lige—Oh, yes; he is keeping Lent.

She—Yes, but he is keeping something else. He has given away almost everything else?"

Different Ways of Viewing It.
(From the Columbia Spectator.)

Jones—So you are from Salt Lake City, Mr. Brigham? Could you tell me what became of young Jags that moved out there awhile ago?

Mr. B.—Why, that young feller was lynched just before I left for bigamy.

J.—Bigamy! I don't understand. I thought—

"Waal, ye see, he wudn't take morn two wives, so the angels nabbed 'im! Nice young chap, too!"

At the Fish Dealer's.
(From the Epoch.)

"Please send up to my house to-morrow a couple of nice bass."

"Yes, sir."

"And, by the way, be sure they are bass. I'm going off for a day, and—er—the last time I went I told my wife it was for trout fishing, and you sent up a fresh mackerel. These little errors of yours are causing strained relations in my family."

The Only Way to Solve the Problem.
(From Harper's Bazar.)

"I am devoted to phenology and I love the study and pursuit of literature, and am puzzled as to which I should make my life work," said the student.

"My dear boy," returned the Professor, "why don't you toss a cent and decide the matter that way? Heads phenology; tails letters."

A Feat Worthy of De Lesseps.
(From the Epoch.)

Husband (just from Europe, travelling)—Wife, I have sad news. Coming across on the Servia I lost your pet dog overboard.

Wife—Heavens! Fido lost!

Husband—Yes, third day out from Queens-town.

Wife—Dredge for him at once.

Thought He Saw a Difference.
(From Punch.)

"Maria, do you remember that fine dinner you got up all by yourself on the day I asked you to be mine?"

"Yes, indeed, George."

"Everything was splendid."

"I am sure it was."

"Ah, I wish your mother was living with us now, Maria."

Then They Will Take an Interest.
(From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.)

"The baseballists will not take any interest in the Washington Centennial ball until it is over," said the Judge, this morning.

"Why will they then?" asked the Major.

"Because then it will be a passed ball."

His Cellar Burton.
(From the Yankee Statesman.)

"What is that cellar-burton of yours made of, John?" asked Mrs. Crispinbeak of her husband the other morning.

"Rolled gold," ejaculated John, as he climbed under the bed in search of the peaky thing.

A Point of Likeness.
(From the Washington Free Press.)

Mr. Blobson—My dear, can you tell me why a tramp is like a silk tie?

Mrs. Blobson—I shouldn't think there was a single point of likeness.

Mr. Blobson—Well there is. He won't wash.

A Case in Point.
(From Life.)

Uncle Tom—Got anything to do to-morrow, Jack?

Jack—Yes, I've got to go downtown to try a case.

Uncle Tom—Then you've got a client at last?

Jack—Oh, this case isn't in Court; it's a wine merchant's.

No Trouble.
(From the Washington Free Press.)

To take RIKEN'S COMPOUND SARSAPARILLA, which is guaranteed better than any advertised, or they agree to return the money; and as it is only taken twice a day before breakfast and on retiring, it may be taken with the greatest regularity without trouble.

Insist on having RIKEN'S SARSAPARILLA and you are positively sure of cure. Do not allow any one to persuade you otherwise. Sold by almost all dealers. If any druggist refuses to supply you, you can be sure of getting what you ask for at the original place of deposit, 100 West 11th St., New York.

Free-lance.
(From the Epoch.)

Wife—You swore horribly in your sleep last night.

Husband—Did I? An evil omen! Is your mother coming to see us soon?

MORRIS'S TUNGRENE COMPOUND softens children's white teeth, and cures colds, colds, colds, colds.



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LOVE-LETTER CONTEST.

GOLD DOUBLE EAGLE FOR THE BEST EPISTLE TO THE TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL.

THE EVENING WORLD offers a gold double eagle for the best love letter containing a proposition of matrimony addressed to the Typical American Girl. For convenience this typical young lady might be called "Miss Columbia." No letter should contain more than two hundred words. Competitors may write under a nom de plume if they so desire. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has kindly agreed to act as judge in the matter and award the prize.

The first instalment of these letters will be printed the first of next week, and due notice will be given of the closing of the unique and interesting contest.

Here is the best description of the typical American girl, according to Nellie Bly's judgment. Competitors in the Love-Letter Contest will naturally bear these characteristics in mind:

The Typical American Girl.

After the virtues and follies of the women of the best races have been described, in all of which the typical American girl daily shares, her distinctive characteristics remain to be set forth or emphasized. Foremost among these is her splendid self reliance, which supported by an intelligence as acute as it is quick and available, exacts and obtains for herself a higher consideration than that accorded to the women of any other nation in the world. Proud of home and country, fearless, frank, warm-hearted, true, thorough in all she undertakes, tasteful in personal adornment, vividly imaginative, impulsive and romantic, while possessing a practical sense and common sense, she is a more social than domestic, the subject of this sketch commands respect in every sphere of life.

When to graces of mind and heart, more extraordinary in their proportions than their presence, are added a rare beauty of face and figure, a charm of manner quite irresistible, it is not to be wondered at that the typical American girl is equally fitted to reign in the social life of a great Republic like America or adorn the palatial homes of Europe's proud nobles and illustrious statesmen.

FINE-ART CENTENNIAL SOUVENIR.

Fac-Simile of Martha Washington's Rare China Service on View at Macy's.

The craze to see relics of George and Martha Washington increases as Centennial Day draws near. The well-known house of R. H. Macy & Co., at Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street, exhibits a fine reproduction of the china service presented in 1783 by the French officers in the Continental Army to Martha Washington.

It is a fac-simile of the original at the Smithsonian institute